

Moore-ditch?

Fals. Thou hast the most vnfauory smiles, and art indeede the most comparatiue rascaldest sweet yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethe trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Counsell rated mee the other day in the streete about you sir; but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wisely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well: for Wisedome cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fals. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou hast done much harme vnto me *Hal*, God forgie thee for it: Before I knew thee *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, If a man should speake truely, little better than one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life; and I will giue it ouer: By the Lord and I doe not, I am a villaine: He be damned for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome?

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to morrow, *Iacke*?

Fals. Zounds, where thou wilt lad, He make one: and I do not, call me villaine, and Baffell me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to Purse taking.

Fals. Why, *Hall*; tis my vocation *Hall*: tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter Poynes.

Poynes. Now shall we know if Gads hill haue set a match: O, if men were to bee saued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villaine that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow *Ned*.

Poynes. Good morrow sweete *Hall*. What sayes *Monsieur Remorse*? What sayes sir *John Sacke* and *Sugar*, *Iacke*? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy soule, that thou soldst him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir *John* stands to his word, the Diuell shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer a breaker of Prouerbes: hee will giue the Diuell his due.

Poynes.

Henry the Fourth.

Poynes. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy the diuell.

Prince. Else he had been damn'd for Cosening t

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning clocke early at *Gads hill*, there are pilgrims going to ry with rich offrings, and Traders riding to *London* purses. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horse selues: *Gads-hill* lies to night in *Rochester*, I haue be per to morrow night in *Eastcheape*; we may do it a sleepe; if you will goe, I will stufte your pursesful o if you wil not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fals. Heare ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at home and hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Fals. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith

Fals. Ther's neither honesty, manhood, nor good ship in thee, nor thou camst not of the blood royal: darest not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well, then once in my daies He be a mad

Fals. Why, thats well said.

Prince. Well, come what will, He tarry at home.

Fals. By the Lord He be a traitor then, when thou

Prince. I care not.

Poin. Sir *John*, I prethee leaue the Prince & me a day him down such reasons for this aduenture, that

Fals. Wel, God giue thee the spirit of perswasion, cares of profiting, that what thou speakest may mo he heares may be beleueed, that the Prince, may (tion sake) proue a false theef; for the poore abuses want countenance: farewell, you shal find me in *East*

Prin. Farewel the latter spring, farewell Alhollow

Poy. Now my good sweet hony Lord, ride with v row. I haue a ieast to execute, that I cannot mann *Falstaffe*, *Haruey*, *Rossill*, and *Gads-hill*, shal rob thos we haue already way-laid; your selfe and I, will not and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not cut this head from my shoul

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